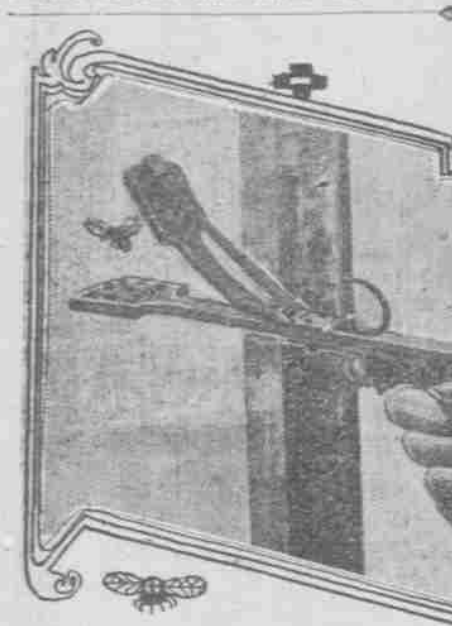


HOW TO KILL FLIES -- By Garrett P. Serviss

: Ingenious Fly Guns and Other Devices That Anybody Can Make With Little Trouble :

EVERY time you kill a fly you may prevent a case of typhoid. A few weeks ago Wilbur Wright, one of the greatest inventors of modern times, died a victim to typhoid, a disease for whose spread the innocent looking house fly has been proved to be more responsible than any other agent.

When you think of Wilbur Wright cut off in his very prime by this frightfully fatal disease, whose germs are carried by flies into our living rooms



and kitchens, you should swat the first fly you see and if there is something vengeful in the force of your blow you need not feel ashamed of it for Wilbur Wright's death was an immense loss to the world. You should even go in search of flies and hunt them down.

There are many ways of killing flies. To catch them by the hand is not agreeable, though justifiable in case of necessity. They can be hunted like other animals with a net. Fly guns now exist, one of which, invented in England, is shown above. It consists of two flat metal plates, the upper one in the form of a spring, which can be set, like the hammer of a gun. The plates are several inches long and are fixed to a kind of pistol butt. When a fly is seen against a window pane, or on the wall, the end of the lower plate is deftly placed below it, a trigger is pulled—and that is the end of the fly.

Easy to Make. Anybody can make for himself a similar device. I remember, as a youth, becoming very expert in killing flies with the aid of a narrow strip of whalebone, borrowed from my mother's workbasket. Pressing the edge of the whalebone against the wall or window pane, within four to six inches of a fly, bending it back like a bow held at one end, and then suddenly letting it go, I never missed the game. The fly, instantly killed, was shot away like a stone from a catapult.

Later I devised a miniature cross bow, with a stout piece of whalebone for the bow, and a guttered stick for the gun, which would hurl a bit of damp putty with sufficient force and accuracy to kill a fly three or four feet away—if the aim was good. Nobody knew, then, how dangerous flies were, but everybody detested them for their persistent impudence and their filthy habits.

It would not require much ingenuity to make a great variety of fly guns. A miniature air gun shooting a soft pellet, would help to rid a house of flies, and at the same time cultivate good marksmanship. A folded paper, with quick arm action, makes



A GAME OF "SNAP"—SHOOTING A FLY. The large picture shows a young woman about to pull the trigger of the new English fly gun. The drawings underneath show the "gun" ready for work, and after the trigger has been pulled.

an effective fly killer. Do not allow yourself to think that the destruction of a few flies in such ways is unimportant. You may kill the very fly that is bringing typhoid into your house. Remember, too, that every fly that is allowed to live may have millions of descendants within a few months. It is at the beginning of the season that such work counts most. Great pests have been arrested or prevented in this way.

A Beetle Invasion. Years ago, in the Mohawk valley, there was an invasion of potato beetles, which put the farmers into the greatest state of alarm. One of them that I knew, distrusting the use of Paris green on the vines, belittled him of wasting war upon the invaders. He said that such work counts most. Great pests have been arrested or prevented in this way.

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"Why," they said, "those boys can't make any impression on that army. There's millions of them." But the boys gleefully set to work—in view of the reward, which meant riches to them. Evidently the destructive power of the insects magnified their apparent numbers, for within a few days the potato patch of the farmer who had thought of this direct method of fighting the foe, was cleared of the beetles, and his vines grew green and luxuriant, while those of his neighbors resembled a mass of burnt weeds.

I don't remember how many dollars the boys earned, but it was enough to satisfy them for the lost play hours. When you have a known enemy to fight use all the means at your command. Don't depend solely on the wholesale methods. The sharpshooters, picking off the enemy, one by one, sometimes win a battle which charging columns would lose.

Kill that fly!



Victor-Victrola IV \$15
Victor-Victrola VI \$25

Victor-Victrola

The prices are certainly attractive enough to make everybody want a Victor-Victrola. And when you hear the instruments you won't be without one in your home. Come in and select yours today. Other styles of the Victor-Victrola \$40 to \$200. Victors \$10 to \$100. Easy terms, \$1.00 down and \$1.00 a week.

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him. I did not even hear the front door open or close. Do you suppose he heard what you said while he was out in the hall?"

"I don't care whether he did or not," replied Beatrice, calmly. "Every word I said was true. And I'll tell him so to his face if he ever speaks to me about it."

"You wouldn't do such a thing, would you?" gasped Helen.

"I certainly would," said the widow, firmly.

Mrs. Robbins took the last swallow of tea in her cup, returned the cup to the table, folded her hands, and leaning back in her chair, eyed her friend judiciously. And Beatrice knew that once more she would be expected by her match-making friend to give an explanation of her seemingly rabid views of the man who had, of late, occupied much of her waking thoughts.

CLIFTON HAS NEW CONSUL FOR MEXICO

The Former Mexican Consul There Goes to the Marfa, Tex., Post.

Clifton, Ariz., July 4.—Manuel Beltran, Jr., is the new Mexican consul to Marfa, Tex., and is expected to leave for his new post today. He is a young man, a native of Marfa, and has been in the service of the Mexican government for several years. He is a well-educated man, and is expected to do well in his new position.

George Chapman, who has for several weeks been traveling over the state, has returned and is confined to his home, suffering from a severe case of the grip.

E. U. Beauchamp, who is representing the D. C. store at Morenci, has returned from a business trip to El Paso. He was in the city for several days, and was well received by his friends.

YOUNG MOTHERS

No young woman, in the joy of coming motherhood, should neglect to prepare her system for the physical ordeal she is to undergo. The health of both herself and the coming child depends largely upon the care she bestows upon herself during the waiting months. Mother's Friend prepares the expectant mother's system for the coming event, and its use makes her comfortable during all the term. It works with and for nature, and by gradually expanding all tissues, muscles and tendons, involved, and keeping the breasts in good condition, brings the woman to the crisis in splendid physical condition. The baby, too, is more apt to be perfect and strong where the mother has thus prepared herself for nature's supreme function. No better advice could be given a young expectant mother than that she use Mother's Friend; it is a medicine that has proven its value in thousands of cases. Mother's Friend is sold at drug stores. Write for free book for expectant mothers, which contains much valuable information, and many suggestions of a helpful nature.

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THE up-building of this Bank has been due to a policy that has been conservative yet progressive. Now ranking as one of the strongest financial institutions in the Southwest, it offers clients every facility for the prompt and proper transaction of all branches of domestic and foreign banking, and such liberality of treatment as is consistent with prudence. Accounts are solicited from those who contemplate opening new or additional accounts in El Paso.

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4 Per Cent and Safety

This bank gives you protection for your savings and pays 4 per cent interest (compounded semi-annually) for the privilege of saving you. When you hear your money it earns you nothing, and you assume all risk of loss from carelessness, thieves, fire and poor investment.

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now and receive your pro rata on next interest period, January 1, 1913!

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SAVINGS DEPOSITORS

Are requested to bring in their pass books for entry of interest due July 1st.

RIO GRANDE VALLEY BANK & TRUST CO.

WORTHINGTON GOES TO ALTON PRESIDENCY

Is Well Known to El Paso Railroad Men as S. P. Superintendent.

From superintendent of railroad president in 12 years, is the record that has been made by R. A. Worthington, formerly superintendent of the Southern Pacific Railroad at El Paso, Tucson, and now president of the Chicago & Alton, and the Toledo, St. Louis & Western railroad. Mr. Worthington is well known among the El Paso railroad colony, including W. R. Martin, G. S. Ward, G. P. Hawks, and is one of the most popular railroad officials connected with an El Paso railroad. He takes the place made vacant by the resignation of Theodore P. Shontz, of Panama canal fame, who resigned recently from the head of the two railroads.

HOW TO PRESERVE YOUTH AND BEAUTY.

One great secret of youth and beauty for the young woman or the mother is the proper understanding of her womanly system and well-being. Every woman, young or old, should know herself and her physical make up. A good way to arrive at this knowledge is to get a good doctor book, such for instance, as "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," by R. V. Pierce, M. D., which can readily be procured by sending thirty-one cents for cloth-bound copy, addressing Dr. Pierce, at Buffalo, N. Y.

The womanly system is a delicate machine which can only be compared to the intricate mechanism of a beautiful watch which will keep in good running order only with good care and the proper oiling at the right time, so that the delicate mechanism may not be worn out. Very many times young women get old or run down before their time through ignorance and the improper handling of this human mechanism. Mental depression, a confused head, backache, headache, or hot flashes and many symptoms of derangement of the womanly system can be avoided by a proper understanding of what to do, in those trying times that come to all women.

Mrs. C. H. Williams, of Lynchburg, Va., writes: "It is six years since my health began to fail. I had female trouble and all the doctors (I employed three) and I would die. I was not able to do my work, had to hire someone all the time. Finally, I read in the papers about Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and decided to try it. I had not taken but one bottle and I found it had done me good. I took in all five bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' and two of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and now I am able to do all my housework, and have gained fourteen pounds. I advise all women who suffer from female trouble to try your 'Favorite Prescription.' It's the only medicine on earth."

THE SIEGE OF MAISTRICHT

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

THE four months' siege of Mastricht, which came to an end 333 years ago, is well worth remembering as an illustration of what human beings can do and dare, suffer and endure, when inspired by the devotion to a high moral principle.

The Union of Utrecht was to Spain what the red flag is to the bull, and to break up the famous confederacy between the liberty loving Dutch provinces the great duke of Parma put his legions in motion, the black flag fluttering in their midst the while they were assisted, in every arm, by the best military science of the time.

Mastricht had a population of 30,000 and was garrisoned by a larger guard of some 5,000 men. Parma laid siege to the place with an army of seasoned veterans equal in number to the entire population of the beleaguered town. After completely surrounding the place, so that help from the outside in the shape of reinforcements or supplies was impossible, Parma began operations. With his heavy guns he pounded the walls for a week without letting up day and night, and then sprang upon the battered walls with his trained veterans, and the Dutchmen, too, and in the dark, subterranean passages the opposing forces fought like demons. By means of a dam the invaders were deluged with water, and hundreds were scalded to death.

Others were suffocated by smoke from burning brush blown upon them by organ bellows taken from the churches.

Above ground, along the walls, the besiegers met with the same heroic resistance. The peasants beat them down with flails, and the women and young girls threw balls of boiling water and blazing pitch hoops upon them. Maddened to think that his veterans were being thus beaten by townsmen and peasants, Parma ordered a simultaneous assault all around the circle, but it did no good. The Dutchmen would not be moved.

In the meantime, however, the chain was tightening about the brave burghers. Sixteen great forts, connected by a strong wall, surrounded them, and from these forts a constant rain of fire fell upon the city and its defenses. The burghers fired upon them, but their food being brought to them by the women and children, there was no sleeping, no resting, and after nearly four months the garrison had been reduced to less than 400.

One night a watchman in Parma's camp crawled through a break in the wall and was amazed to find everybody asleep. He hastened back, and the watchman informed Parma of the situation. The walls were scaled, and the city taken. Men, women and children were mercilessly butchered. Mastricht was taken, and the population of Mastricht has ceased to exist. They were not conquered. Put to sleep by the exhaustion of their heroic resistance, they were butchered while they slumbered.

THE HUSBAND QUESTION

The Widow's Aged Suitor Calls Just After She Has Dismissed Maynard, Whom She Cannot Forgive.

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER.

BEATRICE MINOR sat at her writing table, brows knit and lips compressed. This was the day on which Robert Maynard had promised to call, and she was writing to him, cancelling the engagement. A messenger waiting in the hall impatiently wringing his cap between restless hands and a quantity of torn note paper in the waste basket gave evidence that it is not easy for a woman to write a certain kind of letter.

Even now Beatrice hesitated at severing all relations with the man whom she had found charming, but the memory of his bleared eyes and the drunken face, wearing the expression she had seen too often on Tom Maynard's countenance, moved her sickeningly and turned doubt into determination.

At last the letter was finished. She read it over carefully.

"My dear Mr. Maynard: I regret that it will be impossible for me to see you this evening. My plans are unsettled and necessitate my asking you not to call hereafter without previous announcement."

"Very truly yours,"

"BEATRICE MINOR."

The writer felt a quiver of uncertainty as she handed the missive to the impatient messenger, a quiver which had strengthened to doubt by the time he had slammed the door behind him. Having burned her bridges she began, woman fashion, to

torture herself by dwelling mentally upon the advantages of the now inaccessible shore. One minute she reproached herself for her inconstancy in not telling the man frankly the cause of her displeasure, the next she was regretting, aching her better judgment, that she had been so peremptory in final breaking off their friendship.

And while she thus pondered, the telephone, as often before, sounded shrilly across her musings.

"Hello," she replied hastily.

"Is Mrs. Minor in?" asked a familiar voice.

"It is Robert Maynard," she hesitated. Writing a letter of dismissal was one thing; breaking with a man like Maynard by word of mouth was quite another.

"This is Mrs. Minor's maid, sir," she replied in an assumed voice, and as steadily as she could. "Mrs. Minor is not at home at present."

"Thank you—I'll try to call up later," said the trembling hand Beatrice returned the receiver to its hook and glanced guiltily at the kitchen door as she passed it, wondering uneasily if the servant had heard her prevarication.

When Jack and Jean came home to luncheon the boy, after a grave look into his mother's eyes, asked with a well-mannered: "Aren't you well, mother?"

"Certainly," replied Beatrice, forcing

herself to smile brightly. "Why do you ask, dear?"

"You look kind of unhappy," remarked the child.

At the 5 o'clock tea time Mr. Blanchard came in.

"I ran in for just a few minutes," he announced, to see if you are quite well again today. You looked very bad last night."

"I'm entirely well," smiled Beatrice, "and somewhat ashamed of myself for my last night's weakness. Won't you sit down and have a cup of tea with me?"

"I'm afraid I can't," demurred "Uncle Henry, sinking, nevertheless, into a chair and glancing at his watch. "Helen asked me to leave her at a house on Riverside Drive, and," laughing slyly, "this was enroute. I hope," turning suddenly, "that those boisterous men at the table near us last night did not shock you, for—"

But Beatrice interrupted him brusquely. "No," she answered quickly, "and don't let's talk of them! Have you ever seen the lovely view of the park I got from this room?"

To divert her caller from the unpleasant subject she accompanied him to the window. He leaned out and looked up and down the street and, at sight of a familiar figure approaching along the pavement below him, he hastily drew in his head.

"Yes, it's real fine up here, isn't it?" he agreed hastily. "And now I must be going. Mrs. Minor."

"Uncle Henry escapes," Beatrice had not seen the object that caused his sudden discomfort and was somewhat puzzled at her guest's flight of uneasiness.

"Oh, stay a little longer, won't you?" she urged coaxingly. "The tea-tray is coming in a minute."

"I wish I might stop longer," replied Uncle Henry over his shoulder as he hastened down the hall. "But I have to go. No, don't ring for the elevator," the Beatrice made a motion toward the bell. "I'll walk down—I'll really, really. Good-bye, my dear, good-bye."

Beatrice looked after the scuttling form in perplexed amazement. A moment later when the elevator left at her door Helen Robbins, who was somewhat enlightened.

"Oh," she laughed in spite of herself, "I might have known you were coming."

"Why?" asked Helen suspiciously, as she glanced about the drawing room, and noticed the tea tray, which had just been brought in, and the two cups resting upon it.

"Beatrice looked somewhat confusedly. "Perhaps," she said, "because two cups means company, and Mary brought in two just before you arrived."

"I was wondering," acknowledged Helen, seating herself in an easy chair, "that you had tea here. But I was coming up to this part of town with a note I asked him to deliver, and he was so eager to act as my messenger that I thought perhaps he meant to stop here."

Beatrice felt her friend's sharp eyes upon her face, but she answered lightly, "I don't think," she added, reflectively, "that Mr. Blanchard has ever come here to afternoon tea. I wish he would. Two lumps, dear?" she asked, with the sugar lumps poised in air above the cup of steaming tea.

"One, please, honey," was the equally indifferent reply.

There was a short silence while the two women sipped their tea, each secretly wondering what the other's thoughts were at that particular moment. Then Helen spoke.

"My dear Beatrice," she declared, "I could have gone through the floor with shame and confusion the other afternoon when Robert Maynard walked in just as we were talking of